

If You Were A Carpenter

Joan Baez

If you were a carpenter
And I were a lady
Would you marry me anyway?
Would you have my baby?

If a tinker were your trade
Would you still find me
Carrying the pots you made
Following behind me?

See my love through loneliness
See my love for sorrow
I've given you my onliness
Come give me your tomorrow

If you worked your hands in wood
Would you still love me?
Answer me, Yes I would
I'd put you above me

And if you were a miller
Had a mill-wheel grinding
Would you see it written on my face?
I'm here for the finding

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See my love for sorrow
I've given you my onliness
Come give me your tomorrow

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